39

THE FAMOUS

TRAGEDY

OF

King Charles I.

As it was ACTED before

White-Hall,

By the FANATICAL Servants

OF

Oliver Cromwell.

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THE PROLOGUE To the GENTRY.

THough *Johnſon*, *Shakſpeare*, *Goffe* and *Davenant*,
Brave *Sucklin*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Shurley* want
The Life of Action, and their learned Lines
Are loathed, by the Monſters of the Times;
Yet your refined Souls, can Penetrate
Their depth of Merit, and excuſe their Fate:
With this poſition, thoſe rude Elves that dare
'Gainſt all Divine, and humane Laws, make War;
Who count it treble Glory, to tranſgreſs
Perfect in nothing, but imperfectneſs.
Can find no better Engine to advance
Their Thrones, then Vile, and Beaſtly Ignorance;
Their Bloody *Mirmidons*, o' th' Table round,
Project to raiſe, our Theaters to the Ground:
No marvel they lap Blood, as Milk and Glory,
To be Recorded Villains, upon Story. (ſtay
"For having Kill'd their King, where will they
"That thorough God and Majeſty, make way,
"Throwing the Nobles, and the Gentry down
"Levelling all diſtinctions to the Crown,
So that (which Heaven forbid) ſhould they reduce
Our *Engliſh* World, to their confuſed Uſe;
'Twill be admir'd, more then a Prodegee,
To hear an Herald, ſtate a Prodegy,
An 'twill be thought a ſharp and bitter Blur
To ſalute any, by the Title (Sir.)

We

We here preſent you, his deplored Fall,
Whoſe Death will prove a Ruin general;
(If Fates forbid not) and we hold to view (true:
What the World knows, is not more ſtrange then
Anotomizing Treaſon, damning them
Who Murther'd *Charles*, to ſhare His Diadem,
And to preſerve their Souls in Fleſh whoſe ends
Unto the Ruin, of all *Europe* tends:
But *Joves* all Potent Thunder ſhall divide
Their Plots, and ſink them, in their height of Pride.

Exit.

The PERSONS.

Fairfax.
Ireton.
Rainsborough.
Peters.
Boſvil.
Cromwell.
Pride.

Sir { *Charles Lucas.* / *George Liſle.* }
Blackburne.
Lord { *Capell.* / *Goring.* }

Treaſon, Ambition, Luſt, Perjury, Sacriledge, Revenge, Parliament-men Meſſengers Mrs. *Lambert.*

Soldiers. } Mutes.
Servants }

The

THE TRAGEDY OF KING *Charles* the First.

Act I.

Enter *Hugh Peters* and *Oliver Cromwel.*

Cromwell. MY fine Facetious Devil, who wear'ſt the Livery of the *Stygian* God, as the White Emblem of thy Innocence: Haſt thou prepar'd a Pithy Speech againſt the Eſſence and the Power of KINGS? That when to Morrow all my *Mirmidons* do meet upon *Onſlow-heath*, like the *Greek* Exorciſt, Renowned *Calchas*, when with his Magick Numbers he incouraged great *Atreus* Son, and Marſhal *Diomed* to Proſecute their Seige 'gainſt *Priam*'s Town, by thy inſinuating perſwaſive Art, their Hearts may move, like Reeds, when *Boreas* Breath ſmites the huge Oakes, that on Mount *Pelion* grow, I know that *Nectar* hangs upon thy Lips, and that the moſt abſurd Syllogiſme, or Ear-deceiving Paradox, maintain'd by thee, ſhall ſeem Oraculous, more dangerous to queſtion than the Sacred Writ:

Sing then (my *Hugh*) and ſo thy Numbers ſing,
All thoſe that hear, may jointly curſe their King.

Peters. Moſt valiant and invincible Commander, whoſe Names as terrible to the Royallifts, as e're was *Humades* to the *Turks*, or *Talbot* to the *French*; thy Noſe, like a bright Beacon, ſparkling ſtill (the *Ætna*, that doth Fame our *Engliſh* World) hangs like a Comet o're thy dreadful Face, denouncing Death and Vengeance; the Antients Fam'd *Alcides* for his Acts, thou haſt not Slain, but Tane the Kingly *Lyon*, and like great *Tamberlain* with his *Bajazet*, canſt render him within an Iron Cage a ſpectacle of Mirth, when e're thou pleaſeſt. Had the Snake-footed, Earth-born Sons of Old but had thy aid, *Imponere pelion oſſa*, Old *Saturne* might have laugh'd to ſee his Son ſit ſadly by him in the Cimerian Shades, while thou didſt ſway the Empire of the Skies; *Englands* beſt Patriot, and my Noble a Sermon (ſuch as *Ignatius Loyalla* himſelf, where he to Morrow to ſupply my place, for dangerous, Doctrine, direful Uſe and dreadful Application, would glory to Name his) I have provided ſuch an one,

As ſhall confirm our Faction ten times more
Then all that they have known, or heard before:

In it I'll prove Kings (*ab origine*) have been the Peoples plague, given them by the Angry God's in Wrath, the meer Exuberance of their Crimes, the Sordid Vulgar being delighted much to Honour, thoſe dull Images which themſelves Erect, and dread thoſe Anticks which themſelves

ſelves depaint, themſelves affording both the Horns and Nails which make them either dangerous or Ugly, I will aſſert, that Regal Power is Deviliſh, and inconſiſtent with the Peoples Freedom: I will make it good, the Tyrant now in hold, I(whom ſome yet call, *their Lord King* CHARLES) doth Merit violent Death, as Guilty of the many Thouſand Horrours committed in the late moſt bitter War, I will demonſtratively——

Crom. Enough, Enough, (my deareſt *Hugh*) thou art my better *Genius*, thy Advice, I will rely on with more ſure reſpect then on a Sybills Words, or *Delphian* Oracle, drink the *Elixar* of that precious Metal 'tis Sovereign 'gainſt that Perilous Diſeaſe, call'd [*he gives him Gold*] *Speaking Truth*, 'twill prove an Animation to thy Mind, for to proceed in thy Audacious Practiſe (I mean, againſt the King and 's Houſe of Peers) thou'lt find it a moſt precious Antitode againſt the Poyſon, wavering Fame ſhall ſpit, and to conclude, a perfect Supplement of all defects that Time, or Fate ſhall by harſh Doom appoint,

But what will pleaſe thee beſt (my deareſt *Hugh*)
'T will purvey for thee, Wine and Wenches too.

Peters. Sir, you are pleaſed to make my Faults your Mirth, I do confeſs the Luſcious Paphian Sin, hath ever vanquiſh'd all my Virtuous Powers, the Cyptian Queen (in full aſpect of *Mars*) being predominant ſolely at my Birth, beſides the Conſtitution of my Body made up of moiſture and venerable Humours, though ſome great Ladies ſay, (*lean Men do beſt*) may help for to extenuate my Crime of being too often prov'd beneath the Navel. But Noble Sir, this Colloque is too poor, if we conſider our moſt high reſolves, our Language ſhould be like thoſe Laws we mean to give, awful and to be wonder'd at by Mortals, Sable-brow'd *Saturne*, and Blood-thirſty *Mars* muſt ſeem ſole Rectors over us Abroad, though *Venus* and her ſott Son the ſightleſs Boy, challenge our utmoſt Faculties in private.

Crom. Thou art that Load-ſtone, which ſhall draw my Senſe to any part of Policy in the Machiavilian World, we two (like *Mahomet* and his pliant *Monk*) will Frame an *Engliſh Alcoran*, which ſhall be written with the ſelf ſame Pencil, great *Draco* grav'd his Laws, but firſt we muſt ſubdue the Teſty *Scot*, and ſend the Beggars Home as louſie, though not ſo propt with Limbs, or ſo well ſhap'd as when they choſe the Politique *Hamilton* to be their General: Mean time if thoſe auſpicious Stars of Sin, whoſe Influence hath proſper'd Treaſon hitherto, ſhall ſtill continue Gracious to our Villany, *Tom Fairfax* may take the Town of *Colcheſter*, and force that ſtubborn Truly-valiant Heroes (for in my Thoughts I do eſteem them ſo) who have tane ſhelter in that Antient City at leaſt for to comply on remiſs Terms; my next Work then is, to Newmould our Army, and give a ſtrong Purgation to thoſe Punies who act for me, and may be called *my Parliament*, whoſe great work yet remains to do (my *Hugh*) *the King ſhall die*, and they ſhall Father the moſt damned Act upon the Power of *Juſtice*; that done, all Earls and Lords ſhall down for to make way for me and thoſe I favour.

Then thee and I, and thoſe whom we create
Will Reign like Princes, and the Lords of Fate.

Pet. I knew before the ſcope of your intents, and do applaud them as magnanimous, and the ſole way left to preſerve our lives; in order unto which your dear deſign, it ſhall be my task, both at Preſs and Pulpit, to render Kingly Government obnoxious and incompatible with the Peoples Rights; to prove the impriſoned King a truculent Tyrant whoſe blood alone can expiate Heavens wrath, and purchaſe an attone-

ment

nent with the Deities; expect me all I may (renown'd Sir) for promulgation of our well-fixt Cauſe, from which no fear of pain, or hope of profit ſhall be of force to draw me.

For he that dares attempt, and goes not on,
Doth leap for ſafety into *Phlegeton.*

Crom. Our conference here muſt end, ſome three days hence I march towards the old North to meet the Bannock feeding the fiery *Scots*: They have (I heard) already worſted *Lambert*, and puff'd up with the pride of victory come on like Lyons, fluſh'd in humane gore, I ſhall not need to pray your readineſs.

Pet. Command me as your Creature; Sir, you were pleaſed to impoſe a task upon me (which by the Aid of ſome one amongſt the Nine, I know not which to thank for the good turn) I have performed, after a tedious pumping: The *Theam* you gave me, Sir, you know was this,

The Peoples rights tranſcends the power of Kings.

Sir, I have done my beſt to juſtify your learned Axiome in this Scrowl.

[*gives him a Paper.*

Crom. Your love to my requeſts makes your performance of them ſwift and punctual by the great *Genius* of this Land (o're which I hope to Reign) I had forgot what late I urg'd you to, this ſhall oblige my love —— What's here I am an ill Verſe-fier or Verſe-maker, (what do you call your Trimeter-men?) and none but thoſe have ſipt of *Helicon* (I've heard) can grace a Verſe i'th' reading it —— pray ſing them your ſelf. { *gives the Scrowl back to* Peters.

Pet. How Sir? ſing them!

Crom. Sing them, or ſay them, all's one; think not I take you for a Baller Poet, but I want terms of Art.

Pet. At your pleaſure Sir. [Peters *reads.*

Even till this Age People durſt not ſee
The pride of Pomp in formal Tiranny,
The People who raiſe Kings unto the Crown
Are ladders, ſtanding ſtill, to let them down.

Crom. The Peoples backs is the worſt pair of Stairs a Man can poſſibly adventure upon they are ſtrong, but ſlipery, firm, but falſe: You are an excellent Similiſt (my *Hugh*) 'tis an apt compariſon to ſimilize the People to a Ladder; but I pray Heaven thee and I have not aſcended ſo high upon this tall Ladder, that we ſhall never have an opportunity to deſcend without breaking our necks.

Pet. I beſeech you Sir, either hear me, without paraphraſing, or command me to read no more——

Crom. Nay, now I ſee thou art a pettiſh Poet; read on, I'll be as ſilent as a Statue ——

Pet. Aboliſh theſe falſe Oracles of might,
'Cauſe we were once blind, ſhall we now hate light?
Why, like the Wood that yeilds helves to the Ax
Should we upon our ſelves lay heavy tax,
Setting up Kings our freedom to confound
With our own ſtrength, exhauſting our own ground?

Crom. So, ſo, enough of this, I'll hear the reſt in private, let it ſuffice (dear *Hugh*) that I accept your Verſes with all love, and do aſſign you if (*Apollo* pleaſe) a Grove of Bay to ſhade your learned skull from his all-peircing Beams; Wing'd-Time hath ſent one of his Sons to warn me haſten hence; my fate moves ſwift, and I muſt move with it (my *Hugh*) Farewel, fail not to offer up the ſtrict Oriſons unto our ſwarthy if now I prove victorious:

A King

A King and Kingdom is my valours prize,
By both their ruines, I intend to riſe.

manet Peters. [*Exit* Cromwell.

Pet. This Fellow (ſure) was born (as the III. *Richard*, who once rul'd this Land) with his mouth full of Teeth, Nature hath given him an Iron Soul, able and active limbs, a politique brain, which is indeed a ſtore-houſe of politique ſtratagems, as if ſhe meant him for the fall and ruin of all Mankind, his ſtout Confederates work their ends amain, but he outworks 'em all, the very Mine they 've plac'd for to blow up their pious Soveraign, ſhall countermine by Him ruin to themſelves, and I Sail with them to the inviſible Land (my *Hugh*) the *King muſt die*, thoſe were his words: O ſad and fatal Project! when they have ſerv'd their utmoſt ends upon Him, and on their knees took Oaths to reinſtate Him, muſt a black Coffin be his Throne, and a cold Vault his garniſhed Pavillion? Let the fam'd Villains of all former times have their dire deeds razed out of Fames black Book as trivial accidents and neglected dreams, that theſe may take up all the room on Record for the moſt glorious Miſcreants e're Rebell'd; but what ſtrange fancy lurks within my brain, which makes me tax their ways with whom I act, whoſe deeds I do applaud as meritorious, deſerving honour, and the beſt repute? what vile miniſter fate governs my Life? I loath the ills I do, yet hugg them next my Heart. Pardon great *Jove* and my moſt gracious Prince, whoſe Vertues do deprive thee of a being; I muſt go on, though *Oreus* yaun upon me, and *Demogorgon* (with his damn'd crew) dictates in perſon what I Preach or Write. *Cromwell* I come with a diſguiſed face, with as reſerv'd a cunning as that *Greek* that brought in *Pallas*'s Horſe to half-rais'd TROY; thy craft I will repell with double care, reſting as jealous as I lay purdue behind a potent Foe; thy guilt is great, ſo mine and all of us; 'tis policy that muſt protect my life, and place me a degree above you all.

For he that will the Devils Maſter be,
Muſt have a mind, miſchievous than he.

Exit.

The end of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Fairfax, Ireton, Rainsborow, *in Arms, Drums beating, Colours flying with Soldiers as before the Town of* COLCHESTER.

Fairfax. THus having tam'd our Enemies in *Kent*, quieted *Cornwal*, and ſecured *Devonſhire*; what now remains but with accuſtomed courage to take in this ſtrong Town of *Colcheſter*? Within whoſe Walls do lodge divers of note, who are profeſs'd and open Enemies unto the State we ſerve.

Ireton. The fate was juſt, that with deluſive hopes hath led them to a receptical of ruin, from whence they cannot budge without our knowledge.

Rainsborow. They're taken in our Toyles, and muſt not ſcape with Life quickly let us draw out our Line, and raiſe our Batterries, girting the Town with a cloſe Seige, and let the Cannons dreadful voice proclaim to them their certain ruin.

Fairf. Firſt let us Summon them to yeild on Terms; if they prove ſo Fool hardy as to refuſe, then let our Iron-ball in ſmoak and ſulphur ſing a ſad

a ſad *Requiem* in their fearful ears, ſound loud the ſummons, that the Foe may hear we wiſh a Parlee. [*A Parlee ſounded.*

Sir Charles Lucas, *Sir* George Liſle, *Lord* Capell, *Lord* Goring, &c. *appears as upon the Walls.*

Sir *Charles.* Who gives this haſty Summons?

Fairfax. Know Sir, the General and the Army rais'd for the preſervation of the State of England, for to ſupport and vindicate their Priviledges; in their Names doth demand, that you yeild up your ſelves, and all are under your Command, together with this Town unto their uſe.

Sir *Charles.* Traytor to God, and to thy gracious Prince (for whom I hold this City) choſen thereto by the *Eſſexianiſts*; know, I and theſe my loyal valiant Cohorts will hold this Town while twenty do ſurvive, and rather then yeild up the Town to you we'l blow our ſelves (with it) into the Air.

Fairf. Thou and thy traytorous Aſſociates ſhall find, this Town harbours ſuch Men as dare meet theeingyre with all thy Mirmydons, one to a hundred, and a hundred to a thouſand; Fortune hath favour'd thee I do confeſs (thou haſt triumph'd, thou bloody *Marius*, and ſhalt deſcend unto Helis ſhades like him) but that proves not the juſtneſs of thy cauſe:

For, by the ſame rule *Ottaman* may boaſt,
The partial Deities favour him the moſt.

Rainsborow. By that God whom I ſerve thou traytor *Liſle*, I'll ſee thee hewen in pieces, and thy curſt body thrown unto the Dogs.

Sir *George.* A vaunt thou hom-bred Mungrel, who art (intruth) meerly a valiant Voice, an hollow Cask in which ſome rumbling with delights to ſport it ſelf; *Therſites* thus, durſt menace *Agamemnon*, Know Fellow, I have been victorious even againſt a multitude, have trod the thorny path of cragged War, my Body naked, and my feet unſhood have view'd thoſe horrors of a purple field untroubl'd and unt uch'd, which but to hear ſumm'd up would fright thy Coward-Soul, from forth her dirty Dog-hole.

Rainsborow. Why ſpend we time in Dialogue with theſe Miſcreants theſe cautiſt Elves, who fight for Yoaks and Fetters, with as much zeal as half ſtarv'd Wretches beg a boon to ſate their hungers and wiſh profuſedly to ſpend their bloods to pleaſe a Tyrants luſt.

Lord *Capell.* Away mechanick Slave, whatſaucy Devil prompts thee ſo to prate, when the meaneſt here thou ought'ſt to ſtoop with all obſequious Duty? Thou ſordid Groom, whom of a Skippers-Boy, the *Weſtminſterian* Rebells made thee their Admiral, whom even the dulleſt Sea-men ſo deſpis'd, they ſcorn'd to hale an Anchor at thy bidding, and at laſt (tir'd with thy loathed Company) intending to have ſowz'd thee in the deep (mov'd with thy trickling Tears and Pitious plaints) ſet thee on ſhore to Foot it back to *Weſtminſter*; how dares thy perjur'd Tongue to challenge us, ſerving our dread Lord, His Sacred Majeſty, Him whom all *Europe* wonders at, as the beſt of all the Chriſtian Kings, who for his diſcreet valour Rivals *Scipio*, for prudence *Solomon*, for temperance without Parallel, as are his Sufferings, and griping Griefs by you (baſe Traytors) each day heap'd upon Him, having immur'd His Royal Perſon up in a ſtrong Den, fit for untamed Lions, baniſh'd his Loyal Imperial Lady, and with Her the Two Eldeſt of his Iſſue, bereav'd Him of his Navy and Revenue, and what e're truth called His, know perjur'd Rebells, ere this Summer end, (perhaps e're *Sol* doth hunt the Nemean Lion) we ſhall have ſtrong relief, you a juſt Puniſhment, if not,

Our comfort is, though we be left i' th' lurch,
We Martyrs fall, for God, the King and Church.

Ireton. You'll not accept then of our proferr'd Summons, or come to compoſition.

Lord *Goring.* Compound! Confound we may (perhaps) ſome Thouſands of you.

Sir *Charles.* I am reſolv'd ye Traytors, and ſo I know are my Honoured Friends, which is the Senſe of all within the Town, to hold this place even to the utmoſt hazard; nor are we deſtitute of much Proviſion, enough for to ſupply us many Months; when that fails, we have Horſes many Hundreds, of Dogs and Cats even a Multitude: *Zeno* and *Chriſippus*, the two main Pillars of the Stoick Sect, pronounce ſuch Meats as uſeful to Mankind, as the beſt Sheep or neat; the Antient Almains held the ſelf-ſame Doctrine. We'll be their Imitators, and that you may know 'tis our reſolution, forſake your Station, e're we leave the Walls, or the hot Breath, that lightens from an Angry Cannons Throat, ſhall try to waft you hence, away, away we'll meet you in plain F e d.

Thou true *Jehovah*, now own thine own Cauſe,
Thou know'ſt we Fight for thee, our King and Laws.

Fair. Draw up our Troops we'll make theſe Boaſters feel,
The potent Rigour of our ſtrong Edge Steel.
Alarum *excurſions, a ſhout within and crying.* [Fair. *cum ſuis Exit.*
Open the Gates, On, on, on,

Enter Sir *Charles Lucas*, Sir *George Liſle* and Lord *Capel*, their Party; at the other Door, *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainsborough*, with their Party, they charge Three to Three, while the Soldiers on both ſides Encounter, the *Round heads* are beaten off, a Retreat ſounded.

Sir *Charles.* The Power ſuperior to the God of War, hath Grac'd our firſt Attempt with Victory; the Rebells (with exceeding loſs) are Fled, whom the moſt Valiant *Capel* hath in Purſuit; ſee how they ſcut over the Neighbouring Plains, like Flocks of Sheep before an hungry Lion; ſo for the future, let Almighty *Jove* infatuate their proud Hearts with Panick Fear, who ſtrike at himſelf in his Vicegerent.

Kings are Earths Gods, and thoſe that Menace them
(Were't in their Power) would ſhare his Diadem.

Alas, deluded ſelf-deſtroying Men! whoſe Erring Souls by this winged *Hermes*, hath uſher'd unto the depth of *Barathrum*, in blew Flames for evermore to howl, Curſing your ſelves for your Impieties! Oh Erring Vulgar! Oh beſotted People, that take ſuch pains to become Miſerable, who (with the Phrygian Fabulators Dog) catch at vain Shadows, and loſe the ſubſtance: So the *Athenians* Courted Thirty Tyrants to be the Party that ſhould gall their Heart-ſtrings; and the fond *Syracuſians* laboured ſore to have the *Dioniſii* be their Conſults: Was ever any Nation bleſs'd with ſo good a Prince (as *Charles* our King) that ſo opprobriouſly deſerted him? Succeeding Ages cannot chuſe but ſay

{He ſpeaks this looking upon ſome Round-heads lying dead on the ground

Nations have ſuffer'd cauſe their Kings were Ill,
But *Britains Charles*, his Peoples Sins did Kill.

But let it hap as God ſhall appoint, if it be written in the Book of Fate, the Rebells ſhall diſſolve the *Engliſh* Monarchy, with the Life blood of their moſt Gracious Prince, yet let us hinder that dire Ominous Day, (while we have Being with our utmoſt Might, and e're we Fall and be Commixt with new and ſtranger Earth, by hard Atchievements and Heroick

roick Acts (perform'd for *Charles*, and for our Countries sake) let us provide us Fame when We are Dead, that the next Age, when they shall Read the Story of this Unnatural, Uncivil War; and amongst a Crowd of Warriors find our Names Filed with those, that durst pass through all Horrors by Death and Vengeance, for their King and Sovereign.

They may sing Peans to our Valiant Acts,
And yeild us a kind *Plaudit* for our Facts.

Sir *George*. If we defend this Town against the Rebells Fury but One Month longer, *Hamiltonian* Duke (who now hath passed *Tweed* with a Numerous Army, full Twenty Thousand *Scots*, Ten Thousand *English* Commanded by the Truly-Valiant and invincible Knight, Renowned *Langdale*, we shall have Honourable and sure Relief; mean time by frequent Sallies, we'll indeavour to break in peices *Fairfax* his guilty Forces; the Prince of *Wales* is now upon the *Downs*, and with him most part of the Royal Navy; the *Londoners* speak against the Junto, and every Day are fear'd to rise against them; the Loyal *Welch* continue strong in Arms, and eke in every Angle of the Land the People wish for Action; the Face of things at present, promise fairly:

But should you fail (by force of Destiny)
Our comfort is, we (when we list) can Die.

Sir *Charles*. I heed not *Hamilton* or his Resolves, knowing him to be Ambitious, Treacherous, a *Proteus* that can shift into all Shapes, a sly Insinuating Sicophant, who by his most Falacious Machinations, hath been the Ruin of the King and Us; 'twas he that Instigated first the King to raise a War against the Covenanters, (yet under Hand Incited them against Him) 'twas he that gave His Majesty Advice to go in Person to the Senate-house, there to demand the Five Seditious Members (yet secretly sent them Word of His Intentions) 'twas he (howe're he seemed in show Averse) that when His Majesty scapt to the *Scots*, when *Fairfax* wholly had subdued His Forces, procured the Damned Sallary of his Master, for Twenty Thousand Pounds; and I much fear, 'tis he and only he, that will betray the Army he now leads (know'st thou not *George*) he ever did aspire to be the King of *Scots*.

'Tis he that made *England* all on Flame,
Blasted its Beauty, Burnt its goodly Frame;
And the *Armilla* which his Zeal doth twist,
Is to be *Cataline*, yet a Calvanist.

Sir *George*. Let him be Damn'd and sink to Hell with all his Sins about him, let us do our Parts, and leave the rest to Heaven (Faith Sir *Charles*) since we have Beat the Foe, while Swarthy *Tom* flies with his Timerous Troops, here let us Frolick one half Hour, *Mars* and *Thalia* sometimes do accord, only a Health or two unto our Royal Master.

Sir *Charles*. *George*, I am easily led by thy Advice, although it suit not with our present State to play a Barly-break in a *Golgotha*, or Drink down Sorrow 'mongst a heap of Trunks, as liveless as those Clods they lie upon; I prithee do thy pleasure: But, say that *Ireton* (who stands facing us) should in the midst of our intended Mirth, come up and turn our Triumph into Purple Tears, and in our Goblets mix our Sanguine Gore.

Sir *George*. Why? 'twill be rare, I'd wish no other sport; we Lapethites should soon repel those Centaures, the scuffle (sure) would be as strange and famous, as that wherein all *Ixion*'s Horse-hoof'd Race, were sent to Hell (swift *Nessus* only scaping) who was reserv'd for a more dreadful Fate, they shall have nought to boast of, (come they hear) but Iron in their Flesh, and Gun-powder in their Noses.

Sir *Charles*. Be it as thou doſt wiſh, I'll ſtrive to be as Merry as *Democritus*, and Laugh at War and Damages.

Sir *George*. You highly Honour us (moſt Noble Governour) My Fellow Soldiers, have all your Arms in readineſs [*Speaking to the Soldiers.* as you were now to Charge the Surly Foe, we will not jeſt away our Lives, or give the Round-heads Cauſe to boaſt a Triumph in their Cathedrated Conventicles; two of you fetch that [*Sends two Soldiers.* Runlet of Old Sherry, that's placed behind the Door of the Town-hall, bring alſo ſtore of Pots, for we ſhall uſe 'em here (as the *Trojans*, when by *Atreus* Sons they were beleaguer'd cloſe for *Hellens* Rape, *Hector Sarpedon*, *Troyolus* and Old *Pryam*, beneath fair *Illions* Walls (girt in bright Arms) ſat Banquering before the Black Hair'd *Greeks*, we'll ſit ſecurely and pledge full Crown'd Cups, (perhaps) 'twill Mad the Rebels:

Which if I know, I ſhall grow Fat with Laughter,
And I will uſe to drink them down hereafter.

Sir *Charles*. The ſame good Fellow (*George*) thou ever wert; ſee how the Rebels Grin and Gape upon us.

Sir *George*. They ſhould Participate of our flowing Cups, wou'd they take but the pains to come amongſt Us, ſuch as the *Roman Cateline* did provide for thoſe he had drawn into his Confederacy, Wine mixt with Blood (an Horrid Sacrament) by which the Swore to Level *Romes* proud Battlements. So, ſet it down (my [*The Soldiers return with the Wine.* Friends) and quickly peirce it, and then draw out with as inlarg'd a Mind as Princes give Gratuities——'tis Rich and Luſty Liquor, ſuch as would make *Heraclitus* to Laugh, and Dull *Diogence* Dance, even in his Tub: Here Noble Governour, this Bowl brimful, unto the Happineſs of Him, whom Fame of all the *European* Kings do call the beſt.

Sir *Charles*. With as much willingneſs as one half-ſpent with a Contagious Feaver, receives a Doſe he hopes may bring him Health, will I ſolemnize it upon my Knees. { *All kneel, they drink the health round while the Chambers are ſhot, and Trumpets perpetually ſound.*

Sir *George*. So, this was as well perform'd, about again with 't.

Sir *Charles*. Once more receive it Soldiers, and that done, let us retire unto our Garriſon, believe me (*George*) we play with Lightning too ſecurely; you know I dare as much, as him dares moſt, but dare not be too confidently Raſh.

Sir *George*. By Heaven (Sir *Charles*) we will not part ſo tamely, we'll have one Catch e're we forſake the Ground, if you pleaſe for to aid me with your Voice, (for't muſt be Sung in Parts) You (Soldiers) all joyn Voices in the Cloſe, what ſaith Sir *Charles*.

Sir *Charles*. You may command my Suffrage (worthy *Liſle*) I know the Song you Fancy; begin——

SONG.

Sir Geo. *Plump cheek'd* Bacchus, *we to thee*
Will yeild all honour as befits,
For ſure thou art a Deity
That canſt refine the dulleſt wits,
The liquor of thy Vine
Is precious and divine,
It makes even Cowards fight.

Sir Cha. *It prompts our tongues to talk,*
Though not our feet to walk,
And dictates what to write.

Omnes

Omnes. *Drink then (Boys) and drown all ſorrow,*
Who knows if we ſhall drink to morrow?
Sir Geo. *Even in the midſt of danger*
When ſafety is a ſtranger
And no hope of relief,
Take a Bowl full of Canary,
We of our woes grow weary,
And cry a fig for grief.
Sir Cha. *Drink each a hearty draught*
Till by thy brains y'are caught,
'Twill quite expel all humours;
Cry God preſerve the King,
And ſhield him with his wing,
And d——for the Round heads rumours.
Omnes. *Drink*, &c.

Sir *Geo.* Judge you Gentlemen, is not this better then to be always moiling in Sand and Salt Peter, continually imployed in raiſing Rampires throwing up Sconces, and inventing Stratagems, to foil that Foe who fears to look upon us? Hath not this added to your former Vigour? We muſt not always fight, leſt we become all but one Wound, nor ever tipple, leſt the Circæan liquor do Meramorphoſe us into Swiniſh ſhapes; he that's a true Soldier

Will undertake all Horrors, for his chink;
And no leſs venture for a Wench and Drink.

Sir *Cha.* This doctrine (my Friend *Liſle*) is dangerous, yet too much preach'd and practis'd in all Armies; Soldiers do him their Glory, and detract from their own worth, that Love to drink and drab; he only may be term'd truly Valiant, that can Repulſe and vanquiſh his own Paſſions; but this Diſh I perceive (my Soldiers) is too much ſtuff'd with Sage, for you to palliate--I wonder Noble *Capel* ſtays ſo long, I fear he hath ingag'd himſelf too far after the Flying Foe; he knows not which way back for to Retreat.

Sir *Geo.* He's an experienc'd Soldier, and ſo inur'd unto the ſeveral ſtratagems of War, that 'twere a ſin *Mars* would ſeverely plague, but for to doubt his Fortune.

Sir *Cha.* I would not be too confident, or to careleſs, Heavens bring him off with ſafety and with Honour---let's now re-enter our invincible Fort, and there conſult for ſafety; we muſt expect the Rebells will once more make their Approaches to our Walls (perhaps) with new Supplies, we will prepare a Tempeſt 'gainſt they Storm.

But if great *Jove* remember whoſe we are,
His ponderous Thunder will their Onſet Mar.

The end of the ſecond Act. Exit.

Act III.

Enter *Cromwell, ſolus.*

Crom. THus far my policies run ſmooth and currant, deep Rivers glide as ſilent as the Night, when ſhallow Books fall with a troubled noiſe; wherefore was Man created like the Gods, but that like them he ſhould diſpoſe his Acts to the great dread of ſome, envy of others, eaſily

easily deluded the King my Master, I have led on with hopes of Re-establishment so long, that now he doubts my feign'd reallity; and a strong Party in the Junto sit, who without me, are now in Treaty with him, but I shall break the Neck of their Design, (perhaps) before they think it, the several Commanders of the Army are now all of my Faction, while *Fairfax* (silly Fool) sits like a Statue, as if he nothing knew, or nothing durst, I have proposed unto the several Officers to forsake the King, and yeild him up (as one not fit to live) unto the Block; I have informed them, (and it takes exceedingly, so forward are the Fools to work my ends, and their own certain Ruin) that the King is a Man of Blood, by no means to be Trusted, being of a rigid and implicable Spirit, hating (even to the Death) all have opposed Him, and that should He regain his former Power, he quickly would make use on't to their Ruin, that therefore they should make a Retreat in time, nor yeild their Necks unto a Tyrant's Mercy, that they have declar'd so highly for him, might the more easily (by far) entrap him; nor was it a discredit so to do, since in all Ages such Politick course hath been thought just and safe, they (seated with my words) resolve to do so, for to remove the King by violent Death, and to set up a Military Power; now my Plots work, the Stage grows great with Horror, the *English* Monarchy grows sick to Death, its very Basis hath an Ague-fit which will not cease to shake it, till it be Levell'd to the humble Earth.

Mount, Mount my Thoughts, unite like scatter'd springs,
'Tis a strong Torrent that must bear down Kings.

Here I appointed my dear Buffoon *Peters*, and Col. *Bosvill*, *Pride*, and my whole Army to meet, will, Pride, *with* about this hour--See, they come; Welcome dear *Soldiers*. Friends, you have observ'd your Time: My *Hugh*, how thrives our Counsel in the Army, that our Great General the Lord *Fairfax* guides? I am sure these Gallant Souls serve under me, are all unanimous to shake off Kings, and while the Iron's hot to strike that Blow, which shall for ever free the *English* Nation from Tyrants, and their awful Power. *Enter* Peters, Bos-

Pet. Heroick Sir, they all (even as one Man) applaud even to the skies your rare projection, both Officers and Soldiers, Covetous for to Accomplish what's by you propos'd, and as a signal of their Resolutions, see here, the more part of a queint Remonstrance, which must by us be brought to a Period, wherein we will divulge unto the World, the Reasons and Grounds of our Intents.

Crom. As I would wish, never till now could *England* hope a Happiness; why, how now *Bosvill*, Why art thou so sad? The Noble *Pride* stands——like a Man astonish'd, or like a Marble Statue whose Aged Feet are wrapt in Wither'd Moss, what's the matter?

Pride. Nothing (dear Sir) but an excessive Joy which hath surpriz'd my Faculties, and craz'd upon the Organs of my Speech, my Mind is busied about the Kingdoms Fate, my Soul in a deep Conference with my Sense about Mature Affairs.

Bos. The Constitution of my Soul agrees with thine in each degree of Temper, (most honoured *Crom.*) from our late sworn Principles I'll not recide, though Heaven Rain'd down Fire upon me, though Earth yawn'd wide, and Hell gorg'd Balls of Sulphur, the King (that Man of Blood) shall lose his Head, and all his prime Adherents wait on Him unto the other World; the People we will Rule by the Sword's power, their Lives and Goods, (by Conquest) we have gain'd, our sway must be maintain'd by Strength, not Law.

The Sword that cut a passage to our Sphere,
'Tis that alone must secure us there.

Crom.

Crom. Oh let me put thee in my Boſom (*Boſwill*) henceforth let us converſe more neerly, and like the Zodiaks *gemini* mix our Loves, we'll be a ſecond *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, and never part till death (my *Hugh*) let's hear ſome part of that *Remonſtrance*, 'twill highly ſpur us on to Action.

Pet. You ſhall, the moſt material Clauſes (Sir) are theſe, which take with this *Exordium* I Penn'd late Yeſternight: [*He Reads*

Abſolute power of neceſſity muſt ſubſiſt and keep above water, though all elſe be aſſur'd of drowning, to the loſs of all (or at leaſt many) branches of univerſal Freedom, and therefore the Fox did not conclude amiſs when he ſaw his fellows ſt ps march towards the Lions Den. Nos veſtigia terrent, *if we enter into a ſtrict ſcrutiny, we ſhall find that our choice and our nature gave us Kings, the dignity conferr'd upon a ſingle Man, was (ſure) intended for the good of all, but where one draws from all, can that be pleaſing or fortunate? or to leave this one, can that be injury? and therefore in order thereto we declare, That we call King* CHARLES *to an account, as the prime Promoter, Abettor and ſole Occaſioner of all the Murders and Outrages, committed this many years, during the war, and bring him to a Tryal for his Life; that with him we will bring to judgment all thoſe of his Party, who (in order to his Arbitrary Commands) have Murthered, ſpoil'd and impoveriſhed the Free-born People of* England——

Crom. Hold, I have heard enough, why this is done to the purpoſe, and ſhews all Gallantry did not Die with *Brutus*, and his Confederate Conſuls; now Lawrel wreaths commixt with Mirtle branches ſhall deckt our fortunate Brows as the true Patriots of our native Country, (*we'll give the whole world cauſe for to remember us*) aſide the enſuing Ages when they read our Acts, ſhall bleſs our Memory with devout reſpect, but flying *Phœbus* now hath left our Hemiſphere, black Night hath now put on her Ebbon Robe and wrapt the Welkin in a ſable ſhrowd, we muſt away now towards the frozen *North*, (my fellow Soldiers) we muſt direct our March to jerk the *Scots* back to their Sedgy Cottages, Malevolent *Saturne*, oh! be thou propitious, proſper thy Agent in his Deeds of Death,

Which are ſo grim and horrid, full of ire,
Some will ſuſpect, the Devil, was my Sire.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainſborow*, *cum aliis*, as in a Tent, a Table, and Tapers.

Fairf. How goes the Night?

Ire. About the hour of Twelve.

Fairf. Now then, while all the World's involv'd in ſilence, and Man and Beaſt takes their Repoſe and Reſt, let us determine about theſe Captive Heroes, who with this Town of *Colcheſter* to Morrow, muſt yeild themſelves unto our Mercy.

Rain. Renowned General, under whoſe Conduct we have been fortunate and Victorious, I need not now recite, ſince you well know what vaſt Expence of Blood, of Toil and Treaſure, we have been at ſince we Beſieg'd this Town, the Third part of our Army quite Conſum'd by the Immured Enemies frequent Sallies, by our unfruitful Onſets, and hard Duty, and how Mercileſs they have ſhewn themſelves to thoſe (of ours) whom Fortune gave them Priſoners; all which conſidered, I do give my Vote (and Juſtice ſpeaks the ſame) that *Capel*, *Goring*, *Lucas*, and Stout *Liſle*, Die without Mercy, even that very Day which we receive the Town.

Ire. Which is to Morrow,

Fairf.

Fairf. The Law of Arms will not allow of that, they yeild themselves on Quarter, and for the Peers (I mean *Goring* and *Capel*) our Power doth not extend to question them, they must be order'd as our States decree; the antient only Captains of the World, *Hanibal*, *Scipio*, and *Themistocles* esteem'd it far more Glorious, having Conquer'd their proud Antagonists, to preserve their Lives (given them as their Boon) then to inflict an ugly censure on them: I love an Enemy that is truly Valiant, these have exceeded Story in their Acts,

And have repeli'd a Siege, such as *Breda*
Never beheld, nor famous *Ravenn.*

Rainf. Then let them live to be a Terror to us, and once more to engage the Land with Broils, (know Sir) we are not safe whilst these subsist; and should your Clement Mind so sway your Sense, as not to take their Lives, who have sought ours, we shall have cause to disesteem your Person and your Power, as him, whose easie Nature and soft Temper is incompatible with our Persons safety, and Honour our Repute.

Since, if by you, Mercy to them is shown,
You seek our Ruin, and project your own.

Fairf. Ha!

Ire. Though in a rough unpolish'd Phrase (he utters Truth) most Noble General, let not his seeming Rudeness raise your Anger, since Time hath taught you he is truly Faithful, no less Magnanimous in active War; Sir, it concerns you neerly not to permit your innate Love to Valour, to grail the Wings of just deserved Fury. you must not tollerate these Men to escape with Life:

For 'twill be thought if you remisly do,
You love their Actions, and Applaud them to.

Fairf. You then are Generals of the Host, not I; but be it as you Counsel, share you betwixt the Brave Spirits of Two that (if *Pithagorus* Transmigration were) would make a *Therstes*, or *Thraso* Valiant, (*Ranfborow*) see them shot to Death as Soldiers destin'd by Fortune to a Noble end; some two Hours hence I shall expect to here you say, they are *dead*

My Soul (I feel) is wondrously perplext,
Who knows but mine or your turn may be next? Exit.

Rainf. He's much distemper'd, sure they have bought his Mercy, how stoutly did he argue to preserve them, with what reluctancy denounce their Doom!

Ireton. An ardent Love to worth and honour moves him (without all doubt) to pitty their sad fate, for though Mournains may meet, and generate e're they, and we, enter firm Union, yet we must needs acknowledge they are Men of most approved Valour; but see the cheerful Lady of the light appears in the Horizon deck'd in her saffron Robe, having old *Tithons* chill Embraces, she summons every young and sprightly *Sol*, to wrap her in his Odoriferous Bosom —hark, they shout; What may this portend? [*A shout within.*

Enter a Soldier.

What News doth thy Tongue Labour with?

Sol. The Town of *Colchester* is just now surrendred unto the Generals Hands, the Governour Sir *Charles Lucas*, his Lov'd Associate Sir *George Lisle*, with the Lord *Capel*, Old *Goring*, and a Number more of Gentlemen are cried up as Prisoners.

Rainf. Be it thy Charge forthwith to certifie *Lucas* and *Lisle*, that they prepare themselves two Hours hence to Travail toward the Empire of the Skies, or to the shades of *Dis*, I mean to *Die*.

Sol. I shall Sir. *Exit.*

Rainf.

Rainſ. Come Commiſſary, let's go view the Town to chear our Friends, and doom our ſcornful Foes.

It glads my Soul, and is the only good
That I delight in, for to ſpill their Blood.

Exit.

Enter Sir *Cha. Lucas*, and Sir *Geo. Liſle*, as in Priſon.

Sir *Cha.* The Iron Hand of *Jove* lies heavy on us, (Oh *George*) the proud Rebellious Crew prevail, Loyalty ſinks with Plumets at his Heels, while curſt Rebellion rides on the Sun Beams, juſtles *Jove* from his Seat, and fathoms Clouds.

Sir *Geo.* They may thank that invincible Champion, Hunger, had not he help'd, the Town had yet been ours, the woful cries of Women and Children, imploring Bread to ſtanch their pining Stomacks, their Guts almoſt congeal'd to Stone within them, their Faces black with Famine, ſtalking the Streets like (Magick ſummon'd) Ghoſts, together with our own dire need, inforc'd us to ſurrender to thoſe Rebells, but *Joves* dread vengeance (ſure) will ſeize on them that mought (but would not) have prevented this; degenerate *London*, who haſt ſhaken Hands with thine Allegiance, thy aſpiring Fabricks ere long muſt lie---What ſpeaks thy haſt?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. From the Commanders, Col. *Rainsborow*, and Commiſſary *Ireton*, I have in truſt to let you know, ſome Minuits hence you are to die. *Exit.*

Sir *Cha.* Oh perjur'd Miſcreants! is this your Mercy? this my Prophetick Soul ſtill whiſper'd to me; I knew they in our Bloods would bath their Guilt, and ſacrifice our Lives to their God Treaſon, theſe Victims befit *Molech*, not *Meſſiah*, whom theſe profeſſed Saints, but real Devils, ſeem to make the Umpire of their Deeds.

Angry *Rhammuſia*, though we fall to Duſt,
Puniſh theſe Traytors, for their Acts Unjuſt.

Sir *Geo.* Then 'tis decreed, we muſt take leave of Day light, and tread the Paths of Immortality.

Jove, art thou juſt, haſt thou reward for thoſe
Who unto pious acts their lives diſpoſe?
And haſt thou loſt thy vengeance, can it be
That theſe aſpiring *Titans*, ſcape Scot-free?
Where are thy dire Cyclopean balls, the ſame
That mudling *Mulciber*, doth in *Lemnos* frame?
'Tis thy Olympick vigour can alone
Ding down theſe Rebels unto *Phlegeton*.

Enter Three Soldiers Armed.

Ha, what are you?

Sol. Your Executioners.

Sir. *Cha.* You are our welcomeſt Friends; who is alloted to make his *Exit* firſt?

1. *Sol.* Your ſelf muſt lead the Dance of Death.

Sir *Cha.* Here then I bid fairwel, unto this Stage of Miſery, my Life hath been but one continued Scene, woven with perturbations and Anxieties——

But ſtay, whither muſt now my fleeting Soul take Wing? Into you Starry Manſion, or Steep *Tartarus*, up to the Milky way, ſhe'll take her flight?

Where Souls of Heroes do enjoy their bliſs,
Where all Celeſtial comforts, meet and kiſs;
Mankinds Redeemer, Oh *Emanuel*!
Who in Mans ſhape on Earth were pleas'd to dwell.
Receive my better part——are you prepar'd——

Sol. We are.

Sir *Cha.* Charge me then home, I love to chew thoſe Winter-plums, they are thoſe Cordial comfits I accept, as ſick Men do great *Gallens* Antidotes; methinks the Earth goes round *Copernicus*; thou didſt relate a Truth, that *Tellus* ever hath an Ague Fit; *Sol* wrap thy Glorious Head within a Cloud, or if thou needs wilt view my Deſtiny, put on a Mask of Blood, Death is but *Somnus* Harbinger, we viſit his All-peaceful Monarchy, e're we arrive at Heavens Golden Gates, where ſuch as knock with a Religious Hand, do never miſs of Entrance; Let me Embrace thee (*George*) e're I part hence, Thou wilt not [*They Embrace.* long ſurvive me——Shoot, Shoot.

Incomparable *Strafford* (ſee) I come
To wait on thee in bleſt *Elizium*. [*They ſhoot.*

So, you have done it bravely, you are good Marks-Men, I applaud you for't even in Death——ſo many Paſſages are allow'd my Soul, She knows not which to Iſſue out at, this Fabrick of my Fleſh now begins to Totter, like to ſome City (for it's Peoples Sins) rock'd by the humerous Winds; what a fierce Combate is there now maintain'd betwixt my wounded Heart and mighty *Mors*, who graſps it b'twixt his Hands, ſqueezing it like a Spunge; ſo furious *Boreas* ſmites the Solid Oakes that on Mount *Pelion* grow, making them Nod like unto feeble Reeds, (*George*) thy Hand, my Twins of Light, have loſt their wonted Property, Death with his Icy-fingers ſeals them up: Farewel, Great CHARLES, I Die thy Loyal Servant. *George*, we ſhall meet ſome Minuits hence (I doubt not) in a place where all Joys injoy one Center; the Worlds great Architectreſſe never ſaw two of Her Sons Murther'd ſo Barbarouſly after fair Quarter promiſed.

Therefore great *Jove*, if thou lov'ſt Loyal Breath,
Take vengeance on the Authors of my Death.

Sir *Geo.* There crack'd the Cords of Life, Oh noble *Lucas*! [*He dies.* let me breathe out my Soul, upon thy Azure Lips: So [*Kiſſes him.* Brave a compleat Man, no Monſters (theſe excepted) would have Butcher'd; my turn is next, is it not?

Sol. It is.

Sir *Geo.* Nor would I purchaſe Life with one Intreaty, this Object ſo inflames me, I am grown weary of this Fleſhly Weed, and fain would put it off, exchanging it for an Immortal Robe, Invelloped with Carbuncles, and Saphires---I, but to have our Lives bereft by a ſharp violent Death, to Sleep in a thin ſhrowd, involv'd in feigned Earth, our Nerves and Atteries ſhrunk up like ſing'd Lute-ſtrings, or the wither'd Wreath of ſome Fam'd Heroe, made away in the dark for to converſe with Worms, and half form'd Creatures, ſuch as the ſlime of Seven-Headed *Nile*, produceth by the aid of *Phœbus* Beams: Oh! there's a Contemplation that would ſtagger the moſt reſolved Spirit, but Deſtiny muſt be Obey'd, Death is ſtill Death, thongh diverſly inflicted: To have ones Throat ſluc'd with a Golden Knife, or to be thruſt through with a Silver Sword, mitigates not the Wound, more than the ſufferance. But Oh ye vengeful Furies of dark Hell! ye Three-fell Siſters of ſteep *Erebus*, awful *Ænyo*, all ye dreadful Hags ominous to Mortals, forſake your Black Cimerian Cells, and with your ſteely Whips aſcend the

Earth

Earth, Laſh, Laſh Traytors to deſpair and Obliquy; let Strife, Contention, Fraud, Guile and deep horror ſeize on great *Charles* his Foes, ſevering their ſtrength, and fruſtrating their Hopes till they ſink lower, underneath their Treaſons, then Plumets caſt into the *Baltick* Sea: Now do your Office, I am prepar'd; Oh! you have [*They ſhoot.* put Balls of Wild-fire in my Bowels, I am but all one *Ætna*; Farewel, baſe gloomy World, in which deluded Man, raviſh'd with Toyes, hunts after Bubbles; till them he break and vaniſheth as he had never been, I ſink beneath the burthen of my own weight, would with my Fall, the Machiny of the World might be Unriveted and ſhook to pieces, the Air commixt with Earth, the humid with the tumid Element, and active Fire conteſting againſt them both, reducing all to the Original Chaos; but I contend in vain, the Gods created Man but for their ſport, and its fit I ſhould fullfil their Ends, wiſhing but not prevailing; I ſpy the pure Immaculate Soul of *Lucas*, Travailing through the Air to find a reſidence: Stay gentle Spirit, company is good, when tedious Journies are preſcribed, we'll both fix in one Sphere, when looking down, we will behold and ſmile.

To ſee theſe ſeeming Saints, but real Friends,
Fall by their deviliſhly deviſed Ends.

1. *Sol.* The Traytors both are Dead. [*He dies.*

2. *Sol.* Traytors, thoſe are Traytors, whoſe moſt rigorous Doom, we have Obey'd, in Murdering theſe Brave Men.

3. *Sol.* How's is this? let's ſeize upon him.

1. *Sol.* Do, and make haſt to moſt aſſur'd Damnation.

2. *Sol.* I am no longer of your Baſe Society; Heaven Par- [*Draws.* don what is paſt, my future Deeds ſhall amply expiate my former Crimes, the Blood of Noble *Lucas*, and Brave *Liſle*,
On *Rainsborow's* baſe Head, I will requite,
And ſend his Soul unto Eternal Night. *Exit.*

1. *Sol.* Let us remove the Bodies, and make after him.

Exeunt, *bearing the Bodies.*

The end of the Third Act.

Act IV.

Enters *Peters*, with Mrs. *Lambert*.

Pet. THis he impos'd as a Command, it hath not been my Practice to to ſolicite in Cauſes of this kind for other Men.

Mrs. *Lamb.* Too ſoon you have made Tryal of your skill; doth your Grave Habit ſuit with ſuch Courſe Employment, Reverend Sir?

Pet. Faith Miſtreſs, among Friends, the outward Garb ought not to cauſe a Nicety: He is my Honoured Patron, took me half frozen from the Foodful Earth, and warm'd me in his Boſom; and 'twere a dull Ingratitude in me not to reward his Bounty with my ſervice: The Radiant Luſtre of your Star-like Eyes, makes him to Bow as your Obſequious Vaſſal, whom Thouſands count it Honour to Obey, ſo great an Influence hath your excellent Beauty upon his manly Faculties: He's now return'd, deck'd with Triumphant Wreaths, from chaſing the Blew-bonnets to their Mountains, having taught that ſtubborn People, his Name can make the Genius of their Country tremble, the Politick *Hamilton* is his Priſoner, all Knees bow to him, as Great *Cæſars* Rival; nothing doth want for to compleat his Conqueſt, but your Aſſent to Love him.

Mrs. *Lamb.* Why ſo I do, and all Men elſe that do retain his Temper.

Pet. Your Love admits of too vaſt extent, I mean, can you Affect him ſo, as to admit him to your Bed?

Mrs. *Lamb. St. Winifrid* forbid it; you know (*Sir*) that I have a Lord and Husband, a Man made up of Magnanimity, whoſe Love is mixt with an Indulgent Care, ſhould he but doubt of ſuch an Injury, your Maſter, I my ſelf, and all by him ſuſpected, had better enter a *Phalarian* Bull, or ſtand the Thunders ſhock——alas! I dare not.

Pet. Theſe are but Womaniſh Fears, Incident unto all your Sex; come you muſt yeild to Love him, how ſhould your Husband know of your Day Banquets, your Nightly Revels, and ſweet Paphian ſports? He's now in *Lancaſhire*, Disbanding Troops of Horſe; or ſhould ſome Way-ward Fiend, convey the Knowledge of your ſtoln Embraces unto his Jealous Ear, my Maſters Greatneſs, countermands his Fury, circled within his Arms, ſhould Heaven, Earth, and Hell conſpire to wrong you, 'twere ſin to doubt a Danger: Conſider (Lady) what a potent Friend, what Treaſure, Honour, and content you'll gain (if Mundane Glories do Affect you) by yeilding Love to him, whom other Dames of higheſt Blood and Fortune would ſue for ſuch a Favour.

Mrs. *Lamb.* Although my inward Thoughts do tax my Levity, yet won with your moſt ſugred Eloquence; I here yeild all of mine, *Lamb.* calls his, unto your Maſters Boſom.

Crom. I accept it (Lady) nor ſhall my moſt delicious *Parragon* ever have cauſe for to Repent Her Favour, my ſelf, my Sword, all under my Command, the ſpoils of Nations, all that Earth can boaſt, ſhall at thy beck be prov'd for to be ſummon'd (Popea like) Bath thou thy delicate Body in Aſſes Milk, commixt with Almond Flower, (with *Cleopatra*) diſſolve ineſtimable precious ſtones in every Glaſs of luſcious Wine thou drink'ſt, tread thou on Tyrian ſilks and Ermins skins, let Art and Nature both, induſtriouſly conſpire to ſate thy laviſh Wiſhes, my Treaſure is Inexhauſtible; Three Kingdoms (Dear) I graſp thus——in this Palm, their Riches and their Glories all are mine, the Goddeſs of the World my Patroneſs *Fortune* hath given all into my Hands; as for the Man (they call the King) he hath not Four and Twenty Hours to Live, I h've hir'd a Dapper Lad, a Neat-Tongu'd (but inexorable Fellow) for Fifteen Hundred Pounds, to eaſe Him of the Burthen of His Cares (good King) he's fitter far to converſe with Saints and Seraphims, than with Erronious and Ambitious Mortals, and 'twere a ſin (a grand one) for to deter the Hopes Celeſtials have for to enjoy His preſence) my *Bradſhaws* Brains do Brood, and hath diſcover'd a Line of Law that never yet was talk on, which ſaith, If Kings do not obey their Subjects, they may chaſtiſe them with Impriſonment, Baniſhment, or Death; with him a Crew (whom I have eke in pay) do ſit as Judges to make good this Maxim: My *Bradſhaw* is grown Proud of his Great Office, I've order'd him for to be Cloath'd in Purple, all Heads for to ſtand bare on every Shoulder when the Lord Preſident (for ſo I have Created him) ſhall be in preſence, his Co-adjutors all have Honour too; and when aſſembled, have no worſe a Title then the *High Court of Juſtice*: Theſe all are ſworn for to fulfill my Ends, and Doom their King to Die; which once perform'd, then I am a Lord alone, though not a King by Title, yet by Power, and thou (my Deareſt) ſhalt ſhare Glories with me, thy Lovely Brows deckt with a Coronet of Ophir Gold, inchas'd with Onix ſtones; nor do thou dread thy Husbands Anger, his open Violence, or his Clandeſtine Plots,

Enter Cromwell, *having been ſeen to peep through the hangings, during the Colloquie b'twixt* Pet. *and Mrs.* Lambert.

he

he is my Vaſſal meerly at pleaſure; and if I hear he but Repines at our Embraces, I'll ſpurn his Soul out with my Foot. (My *Hugh*) this Buſineſs was well manag'd, thou art a Fluent Orator, when Cyprian *Venus*, and her wing'd Son, waits at thy Elbow, this Service hath oblig'd me more unto thee then all thy former Induſtries.

Pet. I am your humbleſt Creature.

Crom. But why (my deareſt Miſtreſs) is that Face of yours (which even the Gods gaze at with greedy longing) obſcur'd with ſullen Miſts? What ſorrow claims a Superiority o'er your Harmonious Senſes? Oh let not Care Plow Furrows in that Forehead! is (now) more ſmooth than Poliſh'd Ivory, or the true Turtles Feather; give but your Grief a Name, and if it lie in humane Power to eaſe you, reſolve a ſpeedy and a pleaſing Remedy haſts to your Comfort.

Mrs. *Lamb.* Sir, can you think my Heart is ſo Obdurate? Or that I can ſo ſoon be loſt unto a Feminine Temper, as not to cogitate with what haſty Raſhneſs I have extinguiſht *Hymens* Tapers, which (ſome Hours ſince) Rivald *Sols* Beams in Luſtre, with what a forward Zeal I have infring'd my Marriage Vow, and given away that which is none of mine? Oh Heaven!

Pet. 'sfoot Sir, ſhe's fallen into a Relapſe; Kiſs her Sir, (quickly) or ſhe'll cool ſo faſt, and her Heart freeze into ſo hard a Lump, not all your future Courtſhip or activity, ſhall be of force to melt her to your wiſhes.

Crom. How ſtupid am I in theſe Amorous Arts Dear Miſtreſs! let not Penitential Fancies (the ſpurious Iſſues of dull Melancholly) gain the leaſt Power over your Faculties: What can you fear, while I dare be your Friend? Think on the Glories that I late propoſed; all which ſhall be made yours, with eminent ſafety.

Mrs. *Lamb.* I ſhall endeavour Sir, to bear my ſelf as her that Loves and Honours you.

Crom. Now thou ſing'ſt ſweetly, in a far more Meliſluous Tone than Quires of *Nightingals*, and that this Temper never may forſake thee, our Time we'll ſpend in various Delights, ſuch as *Caligula*, where he again on Earth would covet to enjoy; enter ye Six Prime *Weſtminſterian* Senators,

Muſick, ſtrike high, our Spirits to advance,
While we do mingle in an Active Dance.

Enter Six Maſquers, Habited for Ambition, Treaſon, Luſt, Revenge, Perjury, Sacriledge, Muſick; they Dance with them, joyn *Cromwell* and Mrs. *Lambert*, *Peters* ſinging out laſt, they Dance together by themſelves.

SONG.

Let theſe Joys ever be in prime
Nought but virture is a crime;
Maugre the wiſe,
Mean men muſt riſe,
Every Olimpiad of time.
Taſt them boldly, termne pleaſures,
Yours is the Earth, and all its Treaſures;
Riſle, Plunder,
And keep all under,
Let Murmurers wait your leiſures.

Exeunt Maſquers.

Crom. This was perform'd as I would wiſh, now Sweet let 's in for to compleat

compleat our Happineſs, and taſt thoſe Joys which *Jove* himſelf will Envy, knowing *Agenors* Daughter, or *Caliſto*, *Inachian Io*, or his blaſted *Semele*, were not indu'd with Beauty ſo Immenſe as thee (my deareſt Happineſs)

Set on unto the Chamber of delight,
Do not Dream (*Lambert*) thou art Horn'd to Night.

Exeunt.

Enter *Fairf. Ireton, Rainsb.* &c.

Fairf. I need not advertiſe you Col. *Rainſborow*, not to be Implacably ſevere, againſt the refractory *Chomly*; or when you are ſate down before that moſt impregnable *Pontefract-Caſtle*, to Storm more oft than fair advantages calls you to Action: *Mars* go along with you, I am for *London* with my Priſoners.

Rainſ. My Lord, your humble Servant, Victory and Triumph ever wait upon you.

Ire. Farewel Noble Col. [*Exeunt Fairf.* and *Ire.*

Rainſ. Adieu, ſweet Commiſſary.

Alone, and in all haſte to take my Journey, to ſo Remote an Angle of the Land, there to take charge of thoſe I never ſaw, diſcard their General, and make my ſelf their Leader, this is a ſtrange Injunction, but I muſt do it.

Enter his Servant.

Haſt thou delivered what I gave in charge?

Serv. I have Sir; he will not fail punctually to perform it, and ſent you, the true and exact relation (as neer as he can gather) who were the Prime Promoters (of your unlookt-for) Journey.

Rainſ. Let's to Horſe, I'll Ride Twelve Miles this Night, they ſhall have no Cauſe to blame my Tardineſs, away. *Exit.*

Enter *Blackburne* (being the Soldier that eſcaped from amongſt the *Fairfaxians*, with an intent to Kill *Rainsborow*, Act 3) with him Three Soldiers, their Piſtols and Swords.

Black. Hiſt, this way the Villain Poſted, only his Man and he together; I hope the Divine Juſtice will not ſuffer him, for to eſcape our Hands; that way, that way. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Rainſ.* and his Servant.

Rainſ. We have quite loſt the beaten Road——there let our Horſes Graze a while; I feel ſtrange Thoughts fighting about my Heart, either my guilty Fancy did delude me, or I beheld the Ghoſts of *Lucas* and of *Liſle*, all full of Wounds ſtaring juſt now upon me, there! there! doſt thou ſee nothing?

Serv. Not I Sir; good Sir let us forſake this gloomy Glade, it preſents Horror, and beſides the Night is neer half ſpent.

Rainſ. A Grim, but Supine Terror clogs my Soul; *Morpheus* with's leaden Mace Arreſts my Senſes, I needs muſt Sleep a while [*Lies down*

Enter *Blackburne* and his Mates.

Black. Kind Fates, I thank you; this is that cruel Tyger (my Fellows) who contriv'd the much lamented Deaths of Generous *Lucas*, and of Valiant *Liſle*.

Rainſ. Ha, who ſent thee hither? [*He riſes up.*

Black. Thy Sins; I come to Kill thee.

Rainſ. It is no eaſie Task that thou haſt undertaken, I have an Arm as Vigorous as thine, a Piſtol that will lighten e're it Thunders, a Sword too that ne'r yet forſook his Maſter in time of danger. *Black.*

Black. If thou but call to Mind thy Damned Treasons, thy Charnel Plots, and vile Conspiracies, thy Murthers, Rapines, and fell Outrages, a Child of Seven Years Old, may quell thy Force and lead thee Captive in a String; if thou dar'st think thy Numerous Crimes have not barr'd up the Door of Heaven against thee, pray be but speedy in thy Orisons, I have no mind to Kill thy Soul.

Rainf. Sawcy Slave, think on thy own sad End; and either at my Feet implore Remission of thy Rash Attempt, or thou art Dead.

Black. So brave, have at you Sir.

Serv. This is Honour beyond thought to fall, or to survive my Masters second.

They charge with their Pistols, Rainsborow's Man falls; also one of Black. *Confederates.*

Rainf. Come on, Sir.

Black. Though thou hast scap'd my scalding Lead, my cooler Steel shall find a Passage to thy Heart. [*They fight.*

Rainf. Thou art not (sure) invulnerable, even *Thetis* Son was Slain by *Phrigian Paris*——but, Oh my guilt Hangs heavy on my Arm! and Impedes the Violence of my Blows——there [*They fight.*

Black. Will you not sink, or have you many Souls that take their reign by turns? If it be so, I have so good a Cause, I cannot shrink beneath the Trenchant Blade, till by my single Force I have dismiss'd them all; there Dogge——

Rainf. Injurious Destinies, have you inrich'd my Fame with many Victories over whole Troops of Men, for to permit my fall in the Catastrophe, by a most despicable Knapsack bearer, who Carves my Flesh as Butchers do their Meat, and bores me till I grow transparent——Oh! my Blood drills like to some prodigious Spout, which Huswifes set a tilt to cleanse their Linnen——but shall I fall without Revenge——*He falls*

Black. Oh! are you measuring out your length in Clay? Ye Twins of Valour, *Lucas* and Brave *Lisle.*

Your heads, up from your earthly pillows rear,
And see your Murderer lie weltering here.

Rainf. My Spirits faint, my Heart is sick to Death, I hold the panting lump betwixt my Teeth, but 'twill not brook to stay; let all those that have sought their Sovereigns Ruin, look upon me and my deserved Destiny, I would invoke the Powers above, but them I have so much exasperated, they'll stop their Ears to my complaints: Oh! die——

Thou King of flames, let me in Sulphur swim
Near to that Caudron, hold my Patron, *Pim.* [*He dies.*

Black. Oh! dire and dreadful end, he's gone to his own Home, (the curs'd Dungeon) with as much willingness as holy Anchorites surrender their white Souls to Holy Angels, his Body we will throw in yonder Ditch for Beasts and Birds, to Prey on: I have some [*They remove him*] Wounds, but none (I think) are Mortal. Come fellow Soldier, let us hast to shelter, this Deed when once Divulg'd, will be examin'd strictly---

Beyond the Seas, for safety I will flie,
Till *England* once more be a Monarchy. *Exeunt.*

The end of the Fourth Act.

Act V.

Enter *Crom.* with Mrs. *Lamb.* in their Night Robes.

Crom. *Apollo* is too hasty in his rise, and emulates my Happiness; had *Jupiter* injoy'd so rare a Creature as thy self (my dear) in his lascivious

lascivious Arms, he would have charm'd bright *Phœbus* to the East, and have united Day and Night in one, as when he Revell'd 'twixt *Amphitrios* Sheets; how likes my Love of her new Bed-fellow?

Mrs. *Lamb.* You are as Valiant Sir, in those soft Skirmishes *Venus* expects in her Pavillion, as in those Deeds of Death, *Mars* doth approve of in his Tent of War.

Enter Peters.

Pet. Good Morrow to the most Renowned *Crom.* and his most Excellent Mistress; Sir, I this Morning have receiv'd a Letter directed unto you, I think it comes from Commissary *Ireton.*

Crom. Some News of more than ordinary Consequence if it bare date from him. [*He opens and reads the Letter.*

Lieut. General.

THe deed is done, (*which either ever makes, or mars us all*) *the King* (*according to the Doom of our high Court of Justice*) *this Morning lost his Head, Thousands of People being Spectators of his Tragedy: His Body we have given to the Duke of* Richmond, *to be disposed off as he thinks fit; the Vulgar* (*generally*) *are much inraged at it, and say* (*having proceeded so far in our Treasons against him, that we despaired of Pardon to preserve our own Lives, and to make our selves Masters over them*) *we have Murdered the most Virtuous Prince in* Europe *at his own Door, but we shall Muzel the Mouths of that Many-headed* Hydra *e're it be long; and in the mean time must resolve to keep what we have got by Fraud and Force, by Oppression and Violence; we have Outlawed the Eldest and Second Son of the dead King, and Proclaimed, That if ever they be taken on* Englisth *Ground, they shall die without Mercy; we are now modelizing the Common-wealth, in the prosecution of which, both Soldiers and Senators, desire your Aid; this I was commanded to certifie you; and had I not been commanded, it had been done of his own accord by*

Your assured Friend to serve you,
IRETON.

Crom. Then now I am above the reach of Fate, prepare (my *Hugh*) though not to be a Bishop, yet to dispose of a whole Dioceis; you Lady (the sole Mistress of my Hopes) are yet untainted in your Husbands Thoughts, let him again Repose his Horn'd Head betwixt your Delicate Paps, I must with speed to *London*, whence I will send thee thy Lapful of Gold (my *Danae*) and Jewels Rich and Sparkling, for to Adorn thy only Eminent Beauty; nor shalt be long e're I in Person visit thee.

Mrs. *Lamb.* Sir, you have Robb'd me both of Honour, and my Heart at once; so strange a Fate doth sway me, that whatsoever you judge to be convenient, I must not contradict.

Crom. Thou art as Wise as Beauteous, rest confident of my Fidelity, Farewel Star of the North. [*Kisses her, she goes off*

Come (*Hugh*) lets post unto the Famous City,
To sit in Council with the State Committe.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Now all is lost to humane Sense,
The King is Murther'd on pretence,
He was a Tyrant, and in Him
Our Laws and Rights to Lethe swim,

Buried

Buried for ever in his Death,
Since they subsisted by his Breath.

1. See here, what would make *Indians* weep,
2. And force the Monsters of the deep;
3. Shed Tears into the Briny main,
4. And after drink them up again;
5. That which forc'd *Sol* to hide his Head
6. Pierc'd into Graves, and wak'd the dead;
7. And that which made the Angels hide
8. Their Faces (deep in Scarlet Dy'd)
9. With their soft Wings, and doth compel
10. The Catholick to turn Infidel,
11. And to believe *Presbyters Johns*,
12. And strictest Solifidians,
13. Are damn'd (even from their Cradle) since
14. They Murther'd so Divine a Prince.

He discovers behind the travers the Dead Body of the King, also the Bodies of the Lord CAPEL, Hamilton, *and* Holland.

These 14. *Verses are spoken wholly in relation to the* Kings *Murther.*

This Body, when possest with Life [*pointing to* Hamilton
Was the sole Causer of the strife,
And Breach (which to our Land hath rent)
Betwixt the King and Parliament;
'Twas he, that by his Hell-bred Plots
Decoy'd the King amongst the *Scots*;
Yet afterward (his own to hold)
Sold Him to Traytors for their Gold;
All this in hopes to win that Crown,
Desire of which, hath brought him down
Unto the Earth, slain (even by them)
From whom he hop'd a Diadem;
His Soul the Furies mean to ply,
With tortures to eternity.

This Body when it it us'd to walk, [*Pointing to* Holland.
Knew better how to Drab and Talk,
To wear Gay Cloaths, and Complement,
Then to be wisely Eminent;
For Loyalty unto his King
His folly not, his Faith did bring
Him to the Block. But here lies one, [*pointing to the* L. Capel.
The Glory of his Nation,
A Man of Valour, Virtue, Wit,
Who Learning Lov'd, and cherisht it
Without compare; his Charity
Extended unto each degree,
Ages and Sex, (had they no more
But this one Devilish Act in store
Of Murthering him) the Rebells (sure)
Could not, yet eight Year more procure,
To Reign by Blood, by Rapines, Horrors,
Treason, inexplicable Terrors;
But what the Fates allot we must
Submit to, and in them we trust
To see these Monsters fall and Rot,
By God and Virtuous Men forgot.

Exit.

FINIS.